

appears break there again, to end in landing you self where I find you. That was your whim. Miss Ferguson's was to change her plans to embrace a visit to this unfashionable coast, terminus to Barnstable and vicinity, but tidings of your disappearance and the pinnacles of aggression have overruled every other consideration. I fail in with them at Newport, and of course was only too happy to be included."

"Kind of Miss Ferguson, and considering the case, it is hardly fair to keep a lady waiting longer than necessary for convenience."

Nora, who had heard with a vague understanding, moved softly from her place, and went down the rough stair which led from the loft, and into a little corner porch, where Dare found her when he came to call.

"Are there any Noras here?" he began, in that familiar way of his. "I'm going rather suddenly, and if you'll tell me I don't half-pay the obligation I'm under— Why, Nora, child, what is it?"

He stopped short as she turned her changed face upon him.

"Oh, I know you're going away, Mr. Dare! You seemed very glad of the chance, not many minutes ago, and it was only your lack of energy that detained you so long. I'm afraid you've got some body saying in the last half-hour. I was up there" —with a jerk of her head toward the loft, "as you might have known if you'd only taken the trouble to think. I don't know as I have any call to be go-between. See Hannah for yourself; it's on your way, I suppose. You'll astonish her with your mighty grandeur, too!"

Her flushed, indignant face had an unpleasantly set look upon it. Dare was going and was glad to go; it was only his lack of energy that kept him here, and she understood his heart, and believed it somewhat more. He had a great sample of her belief, to her simple faith. He understood the case and devoted himself to pouring oil on the troubled waters.

"Don't you see I'm going away, then, Nora? I hope it might be. You know I suppose I'm leaving in this abrupt fashion forever, didn't you? I'll be back sometime within a week—the boat to be attended to, you know—and I'll bring the new magazines back with me. Now, will you tell Hannah just how I feel? I'll see her myself, if you still print."

"That will be better," Nora said coolly, her questioning eyes upon his face. Dropping them and turning away, she asked, abruptly: "Who is Miss Ferguson?"

"Miss Ferguson?" She took a few steps in time to catch the amused quiver upon his lips.

"Quite an old friend of mine; you mustn't let that trouble our friendship, though."

He held out his hand, and Nora gave him hers, a thin, red, slightly wrinkled hand again, softly whistling. Nora walked away, feeling an angle, found herself face to face with Dare's friend. He lifted his hat, as she looked up into a face younger than Dare's—a dark, handsome, bearded face, with dusky hair curling carelessly about the brow.

"I am taking the liberty to admire your flowers while waiting for my friend Dare, in there. They are yours—yes, I was sure of it."

"They do poorly in the soil here," she answered, feeling inclined to tell her very good self.

"Every blossom is all the more valuable for that. I know a lady who would give a round price for those opening rosebuds, to wear to the hop-to-morrow night. I wouldn't answer for your keeping them if she had a sight."

"Is her name Miss Ferguson?" Nora asked, quickly.

"Yes, her name is Miss Ferguson," with a sharp glance at her; but with an inclination of her head she moved away.

"I distinctly记得 the secret you kept so close," he said. Dare joined him a minute later. "Never tell me there's not a feminine in the case, after that leonine-crowned little heroine."

"A little termagant," laughed Dare, glancing at the retreating form, crossing the sands in a direction to avoid the glittering carriage with its prancing steeds.

And Nora, with her teeth set hard, was thinking:

"I'll see this Miss Ferguson, I will, and I'll find out what she is to him."

CHAPTER III. MISS FERGUSON.

A girl, white and slender, with staring green blinds and thin porches on either side, was standing where the Ferguson party were stopping. There was an uncomfortable glare about it, an atmosphere of stifling heat reflected from its spotless walls. It was the middle of the hot summer afternoon. A little breeze came in from the bay, but not sufficient to dislodge the small insects of the season.

Nora glanced up at the front of the tall building curiously, and at the few forms lingering about the porches, in no way abashed or abashed by either. She went up the steps and in at the wide entrance, and then paused, uncertain and hesitating, not knowing which way to turn. Several persons were passing back and forth; once, a waiter hurried past in a yard of her, and she took a step forward just too late to accost him; but no one gave a glance at the small figure, a mass of light, sprigged with white, road her past. She wore a blue ribbon, and little covered basket swinging from her shoulder. She would certainly speak to the next person who passed, she thought, and as a spring step came down the star, put herself directly in the corner's way.

"What, then?" said a slender woman, Dare's little friend, is it not so? Do you want to see him?"

It was Dare's visitor of the previous day, and Nora's hesitancy disappeared at sight of a face not entirely strange.

"I want to see Miss Ferguson, Mr. Vivian. I don't know who to ask, or where to go to find her. I've brought those flowers you said she might like to have, you know."

Nora haltered under the amused glance of those dark, keen eyes, which seemed to see clearly through the transparency of her errand. She felt that she could have hated him if he smiled then; but the firm, handsome mouth was grave as a deacon's.

"Oh, Miss Ferguson—yes!" He glanced about speculatively, then cracked a form that was leaning over, and got back into his chair. "That is Miss Ferguson's maid. Here, Vivian, show this young lady up, and mind that she sees your mistress."

He turned away with a nod, and if there really was a smile on his lips now, Nora was non-the-wiser.

The maid looked the trim little figure sharply over with a decided sour expression.

"This way," she said, shortly, and led her up a flight and through a long, narrow passage, pausing with her hand upon a door-knob. "Miss Ferguson's maid. It may be as much as my husband's worth to interrupt her. Can't you make the other one—the cousin—do? She'll see you right away, I haven't a doubt."

"It is Miss Ferguson I wish to see."

"Oh, well then, you'll have to wait, I suppose, since Mr. Vivian said it. In there, and I'll tell her presently."

Nora entered and the door closed after her noiselessly. She found herself standing in a dimly-lighted room, a picture of quiet. But a hum, a pale, faded, undecided beauty. Dare could have told her, beside her own glowing, youthful style. But Nora, seeing the delicate complexion, the thin, aristocratic features, the blonde hair elaborately dressed, the top of the head, the long, slender white hands which Dare took in her, her fingers clasped, with a heart sinking like lead, what a difference must exist between this high-bred lady and the little rustic whose recollection could not easily be wiped from the memory of Cape Cod. His manner would have told her it was not her own quick intuition doing so. He was a nice, diffident here, pathetic and pleading, where he had been assured, confident, daintily masterful with her. The lady's face was coldly aversed, though her hands were quiet, and she met with a smile.

"If you're here for a good opinion, Mr. Dare," the lady was saying, "you might have betrayed greater respect for the arrangements, which were mutual, I believe. The plans of the entire party were made by the failure on your part."

"I know, dear, I explained my motives satisfactorily. On my honor, I never intended to me that such an insignificant individual as myself would ever be missed, or that a week or so could

make any particular difference. I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and took a run across to this bare coast. You know what the result was; my adventure, which scarcely deserves the name of adventure, and the circumstances detaining me here."

Finding very tolerable amusement making love to a fisherman's daughter, Van Vivian said, "I must really applaud your taste, whatever I may think of your discretion and common sense, Mr. Dare."

My cutting sarcasm was the lady's tone, as the blonder hand half-withdrew itself from his

place, and Bellario's barcarole was loudly called for by the guests, the countess could not refuse to take the soprano part of the song, when universally requested.

And so it happened that he had ignorantly passed by her wounded lover, and unwittingly stabbed that great, tender heart, that lay hidden within his rough, bony frame.

Away went the splendid barge, the evening breeze swelling the silken sail, the gay chorus ringing like a knell in the ears of poor Bonetta, Don Lorenzo alone conscious, and exulting in his revenge.

"My faith! ladies and signors," he exclaimed, gayly, as the boat skinned on, "such an evening is only fit to be dedicated to music and love. Let each cavalier choose his queen for the night, and thus I kneel to my queen, the first star of evening."

And he bent his knee to Donna Estella, laying the lute at her feet. There was a gay cry of applause.

The proposition was well suited to those soft Southern natures, and to the manners of the times. In a moment the gay party broke into pairs, all uniting in the sweet chorus. Don Lorenzo smiled triumphantly as he looked back, and saw the marble-pale face of Bonetta over the gunwale of the little fishing boat. He boldly passed his arm half around the countess as he knelt, and saw the face of the Swiss fall back as he did so.

The lady drew back with haughty surprise at the treat.

"Signor," she said, freezing, "you are too bold."

Don Lorenzo clasped his hands pathetically like those of a drowning man.

"Forgive me, madonna; I knew not what I did. The hour, the scene, the music, so many lovers around, and I all alone. Oh! madonna Estella, you are so happy! You cannot even pity the secret woes of him who carries a gay outside, with a breaking heart."

He had gained one point, in tormenting his rival. He commenced, with consummate craft, his advances to the lady, by playing the broken-hearted penitent. And he looked so handsome!

"If you are sincerely sorry," said the countess, sagely, with the air of a nun lecturing a novice—"if you really repent for the evil you have done, Don Lorenzo, you should try to amend."

Don Lorenzo lowered the long lashes over his fine eyes. They were alone in the gay-chattering crowd, quite unheeded, save by a few ravenous beauties as the Spanish galant marmured plaintively:

"Ah! madonna, I do try so hard, but alas! I have no friend to help me to rise, and oh! so many temptations to drag me down."

And again he lifted his soft dark eyes, pleading and full of tears, to hers, with the simplicity of a child asking its mother a boon.

Estella, almost unconsciously, felt a little flutter of pity come over her, as she looked at the handsome penitent.

"Oh! why did you not say that last night?" she whispered, in a tone of sad reproach.

"You know, Don Lorenzo, that I had loved to hear of you, for my dead husband's sake, who called you always a gallant officer. Why would you force me to be your enemy, by attacking the honor of my family?"

Don Lorenzo lowered his eyes again, and knelt, the picture of shame and interesting penitence. As the countess had said, he had been a great favorite with her gallant husband, the admiral of Venice, when Bellario, a wild, dashing young noble, first came to Venice, five years before, to study naval war under the masters of the Mediterranean. The young bride of eighteen had blushed as she fastened the collar of Saint Mark around the neck of the handsome young soldier, for brave deeds done against the Turk.

But the widow of Milleroni, in her three years' mourning, had heard sad stories against the gay profligate, and had refused to be civil to him when she returned to society. But a soft place had always lain in her heart for Lorenzo, almost unknown to herself. He knew it well enough, and counted on it.

He whispered out at last:

"I could not help it. I was mad, foolish, lost to everything, for I had lost my only true love, and the fiends drove me to sin for consolation."

The countess looked sage and maternal, as she contemplated Bellario.

"But that was very wrong," she declared.

Don Lorenzo lifted his eyes pleadingly.

"What is life without love?" he murmured.

"We are born with our natures, and I cannot help mine. I die without love, or at least sweet friendship."

The countess retired a little.

"You have many friends, Don Lorenzo. Too many, the world says, for a good man to have."

"And yet all would I give for one moment of your— and it is done!" he said, and stopped short, as if terribly confused, and looked down at the velvet carpet that covered the deck by their feet.

Estella started, and flushed crimson. Then she drew up her head a little haughtily.

"You forget, signor, whom you address.

The promised wife of a brave soldier, left to him by his brave lord on his death-bed."

"All no. I do not," murmured Lorenzo, in low, fervid tones of melancholy passion; "I know well that my love is mad and hopeless. But even the bright sun may be loved by the humble roadside flower. I know that he is brave, good, and noble, and almost worthy of thee. But I cannot help my heart. I loved thee from the moment those fair hands clasped that collar, which has never left me since. And yet thou wonderest that I fly to anything to escape the constant pangs of hopeless but never dying love."

His voice sunk into a mournful, despairing cadence, as he spoke the last words, and his eyes rested on hers a moment and then turned steadily away.

The countess was silent. Such a melancholy avowal, from such a distinguished gallant, contained a subtle flattery few women could have withstood entirely unmoved. Estella found herself looking at the forlorn cavalier with such pity as might yet be dangerous. And so the light bark sailed over the waters, to the faint light of the waning moon.

CHAPTER VII. THE LION'S MOUTH.

In a lofty room of the Ducal Palace sat Dandolo, the blind old Doge of Venice, who, in his seventieth year, had gained a great victory over the Turks, by which he is known to this day.

The Doge was a stately and imposing old man, with a venerable white beard, and he wore the flowing robes and ducal bonnet that marked his high office. But since the day of his great glory, Dandolo had been failing so rapidly that he was but a shadow of his former self.

He was sitting in his chair of state, in company with ten grave and dignified magnates,

all of princely families, the celebrated Council of Ten. Before them was an official in black, with a bundle of papers in his hand.

The Doge was half asleep in his chair. One of the councilors placed his hand on his arm, and said, gently:

"The papers from the Lion's Mouth are about to be read, my lord. Will your highness listen to them?"

The old Doge waited with more courtesy and reverence than some of his successors. His military reputation made the people idolize him, and the Council of Ten followed the popular lead during his reign.

At the question and touch, he roused himself from his stupor, and demanded, nervously:

"What? what? The Lion's Mouth? Yes, yes, signors. Let us hear them if they are of State importance. But no private quarrels.

We have had enough of them."

The Lion's Mouth was an institution peculiar to the subtle, crafty Venetian republic. At the foot of the grand staircase of the Ducal Palace was a great stone lion, into whose open mouth were mightily slipped anonymous accusations, or information of State importance. These papers were taken out every morning by an officer appointed thereto, and regularly considered by the council.

"Oh, no," said the councilor, gravely; "we examine nothing that is not of importance to public morals or the safety of the State. Nicolo, read the papers."

The old Doge straightened up in his chair, and fixed his sightless eyes on vacancy, while he listened to the dull voice of the official mechanically reading the papers.

The first was a fierce attack on a merchant of the town, for consorting with Jews, and taking exorbitant interest for money lent.

"A rival in business," said the quavering voice of the old man. "Burn it, Nicolo. Such stuff is not worth repeating."

"Perhaps it would be as well to investigate the matter," said a smooth-faced, crafty-looking councilor. "There are heavy fines for usury, and the treasury would benefit thereby."

The blind Doge turned fiercely on him, with some of his ancient fire.

"Signor Foscari," he said, "wait till Dan-

dolo is in his grave before you put on the Doge's bonnet. Burn the paper, Nicolo."

It was curious to notice how the decrepit old man warmed at opposition into the general, impatient of observation.

Foscari was the only dissenter from the Doge's will, and the paper was burned in the taper.

"Go on, Nicolo," ordered old Dandolo. "The next, my son."

Nicolo read a second family attack, which shared the fate of the first. The old Doge patrolled the floor impatiently, with his trembling foot.

"Don't read any more of that stuff, Nicolo," he cried, in his high, quavering tones; "go to the next."

Nicolo opened the third letter, a large pack-eted red wax.

He began, in a clear voice:

"To the most high Doge, the Lord Andrea Dandolo, exterminator of the Turks and other Infidels:

"A traitor lives in your midst, who has sworn to betray the Republic to the Turks."

"Ha!" cried the old warrior, half-starting up, all tremulous as he was, from his chair.

"The Turk! Traitors! What means this, signors?"

not pass along the word that a body of horsemen was approaching.

Red Hawk had accompanied the Kiowa chief, Opishka Koaki, until the more difficult portion of the journey was over, and the captured stock so accustomed to the trail that the savages would find little difficulty in keeping them together and going in the right direction. Then, after making arrangements with the chief as to where they were to meet next, he headed for the Hawks' Nest, eager to again behold the fair Anita, whose charms had set his sensual nature afire. Besides this, he was anxious to conclude arrangements and start upon the grand raid that would make his very name a wonder and marvel throughout the South-west. Little did he dream of what had occurred during his absence, else his fierce curses would have been more subdued, or leveled at the desert warriors.

The discovery came soon enough. The mouth of the pass was reached; but instead of the peaceful, cozy little village nestled there in the shadow of the green hills, a scene of bleak and staring desolation greeted his astounded gaze. Little piles of ashes. Gaunt wolves and ragged vultures and buzzards snarled and fought over the scattered bones that, clean picked and polished, afforded not even a mouthful of gristle to stay their raging hunger.

It was a terrible shock. Even those outlaws, thieves and murderers had hearts that could love. Many of them had left wife and children here, when they took up the trail. And now—where were they? Ah! yonder scattered bones, dismembered, scarred by the strong wolf-teeth, told but too plainly the dread truth.

The first shock over, the men leaped from their saddles and ran here and there, shouting the names of their beloved ones, hoping against hope that they might have fled to the densely-wooded hills and there escaped the death that befell the others. But only the echo replied—that and the lugubrious howlings of the half-famished wolves, the sullen flapping of wings or an occasional harsh croak as the winged scavengers hovered above the basin, loth to abandon the scene that had furnished them such a glorious feast.

Several of the Red Hawks, who had not left a wife or children in the doomed village, were quietly searching for some clue to the mystery—and they soon succeeded. One of them approached Jack Hawk, who sat his horse like one dazed, and silently held up a bow and several arrows.

"You see who did it now, cap'n," the veteran said, slowly.

Red Hawk started, then seized the weapons and carefully examined them. The arrows were fine-headed, short and stout. Just below the head were three circular stripes or bands, half an inch wide; the center one blood-red, the outer ones black. The bow was a curious piece of work, heavy and cumbersome. To form it, hundreds of pieces of buffalo-horn had been used, the thin layers so ingeniously fitted together, so firmly bound with wire-like sinews, that scarce a joint could be detected, the whole forming a weapon over a yard in length, so strong and stubborn that it seemed impossible for mortal arm to bend it. Red Hawk recognized the work.

"The Man-eaters—the Cayguas!" he exclaimed.

"They're dirty varmints, for a fact, Cap'n Jack. An' now you kin guess why so many o' these bones hey bin burn."

"You think—"

"I know, boss. The hounds roared an' att the karkides of our folks. Ef they tuck any captives, they'll roast 'em, too, as soon as they git back to thar town," grated the old man.

"Not if we can help it! Ho! there—scatter and hunt for the trail! We'll have pay for this work if we have to follow the red devils clear to their desert home!" cried Red Hawk, now fully aroused, and he himself led the way back through the pass and beyond the tract of shingle to where a trail could first be picked up.

There was little difficulty in finding it, where over two hundred horses had passed along. And then the Red Hawks flew swiftly along the broad trail, stern and determined.

It is unnecessary to follow them, mile by mile. The trail was more than one day old, by several hours, but the Red Hawks passed over the ground far more rapidly than the Cayguas had, for, be it remembered, the cannibals had obliged their captives to walk, while on their first day's retreat. Thus, it lacked over an hour to sunset when the Red Hawks neared the first night's camp of the cannibals—the one where the Kiowa brave was sacrificed to their war-god.

The reader may think it strange that the outlaws did not use more precaution—why they did not send forth a scout to examine the timber *motte* before the main body advanced. And yet, why should they? The trail was full twenty-four hours old. The Cayguas were making all haste toward their desert home, and would not loiter by the way for fear of pursuit. In that wild, lone portion of the country, one might ride for days and even weeks without meeting a living human, much less a party strong enough to give them trouble—numbering, as they did, full three-score stout, thoroughly-armed men. There seemed to be no danger. The *motte* appeared utterly devoid of human life. And so the Red Hawks galloped blindly on to their death!

Red Jack Hawk was riding in front, and his keen eye detected something suspicious, when scarce twenty yards from the timber. Something bright and glittering, like the flash of polished steel in the rays of the setting sun. Trained in a rough school, where the quickest eye and surest hand generally gained the victory, his action was prompt now, and undoubtedly saved his life. Quick as thought he prostrated himself along the neck of his mustang, uttering a cry of warning to his men.

But the cry was never heard. It was drowned by a loud crash—fifty rifles exploding at the same moment, hurling their death-hail full in the faces of the astounded outlaws, nearly half of whom went down before the withering volley, dead or dying. And then came another volley, followed by wild, ringing cheers as the smoke-wilted foliage parts and scores of roughly-clad figures spur their horses out from the cover.

What a terrible change had these two seconds wrought! The body of Red Hawks trotting along, full of life and animal spirits, and now!—The prairie covered with dead and dying, with men and horses, writhing, groaning, screaming in agony. Of the strong band, only one fifth were alive and unbroken, and these cowed by the frightful slaughter of their comrades, turned to seek safety in flight, urging the tired horses on with voice and spur.

"After them—don't let one escape!" thundered a tall, athletic man, besiding a clean-limbed States horse, as he charged over the mass of bleeding, writhing bodies. "You, Murph. Tool and Tampkin, take one of the horses alive!"

With these words, the leader of the Man-hunters—for the reader will recognize Walter

Dugrand in the speaker—dashed after a swiftly-fleeing fugitive, from whom his gaze had never been removed since a few words uttered in his ear by Murph. Tool, just before the first volley. And, hearing the rapid thundering close in his rear, Red Hawk glanced over his shoulder at his pursuer. A startling change came over his florid face—now turned to a sickly yellow tinge, his eyes protruding from their sockets, his teeth chattering together like one suffering from the ague.

Dugrand drew revolver and leveled it. The report came, sharp and clear, and the outlaw and his horse went down in a heap. Dugrand drew rein, and cried:

"Get up, Jack Hawk. I am glad to see you, at last, after nearly twenty years of steady trailing. Up, man—up, I say, or I'll kill you as you lay, without giving you time to utter a single prayer."

"I can't—I'm crippled—my leg is broken," groaned the Red Hawk, as he rolled painfully aside to avoid the dying struggles of his master.

"I shot the horse, not you," muttered Dugrand. Nevertheless he dismounted and approached the outlaw, keeping on his guard against a sudden shot or knife-thrust, and his first move was to completely disarm the Red Hawk.

"What are you going to do with me?" the wretch whispered, hoarsely, all his bravado gone, his brute courage fled.

"You may well ask that, Red Hawk. For twenty years, almost, I have hunted you—you know what cause I had. It's a heavy—a black score you've got to settle, Jack Hawk. I don't think there'll be much left of you when it's balanced."

"You won't murder me—a crippled man?"

"Murder—and you?" laughed Dugrand, sneeringly. "Bah! you sicken me. I thought you had the courage of a wolf, at least, but you are a miserable, cowardly cur—a dog you have lived, and a dog you shall die!"

"We've got one o' the varmints alive, as you said, boss," quoth Murph. Tool, riding up at this moment.

"It don't much matter, since I've got my man, here. Lend a hand, Tool, and we'll stop there to-night," tersely said Dugrand.

Between them they lifted the Red Hawk, whose left leg had really been shattered by the fall from his horse, and with a good deal of groaning upon his part, finally reached the spring in the *motte*. Here he was deposited beside the bound form of the other captive. Dick Croghan, the old plainsman, who had first solved the mystery of the destroyed village, by finding the weapons dropped by the Cayguas. Besides these two, not half a dozen of the Red Hawks had escaped the deadly ambush, and they only by sufrance. For once the Man-hunters were surprised with blood.

A fire was built beside the spring. Walter Dugrand turned Red Hawk around and propped him up so that the light shone full upon his face. Then, squatting down beside him, the avenger uttered, in a low, even tone:

"I'm going to tell you a little story, Red Hawk, and you will set me right if I make any mistake. Only be careful what you say. You are upon trial for your life, now."

"Twenty-three years ago, we both lived in Louisiana. I had just come into my property—one of the richest in the whole State. You were a gentleman of leisure—or, to speak plainer, a gambler, a sharper, who lived by his wits. You sought my acquaintance, and through your toadying and fawning, gained my confidence. You initiated me into the mysteries of draw-poker, and made a pretty good thing of it. But you grew reckless, and, one evening, at the club house, I detected you cheating. I exposed you—gave you a sound kicking; from that day you were a marked man—not even the niggers would speak to you, willingly."

"Well, I sowed my wild oats, and married. For two years I was happy, for my wife loved me, and I fairly idolized her and our baby daughter. Then, nineteen years ago, business called me to New Orleans. When I returned my wife and child were gone, the slaves knew not where. They could only tell me that a white man came to the house, hurriedly, and said he bore important news for my wife. She saw him—threw on her wraps, and taking the baby, got into the carriage and departed, without leaving word where she was going, or what had called her away."

"I took up the trail, and though I often lost it for weeks and even months at a time, I finally traced them to Nacogdoches. The party then consisted of a big red-haired man, whose description agreed with what you were then, a smaller man, with only one eye, and my wife and child. I lost the trail. You had vanished, no one could tell where. From that day to this I have hunted you. Six months since I struck the right trail, and became convinced that the notorious Red Hawk was my man. I raised a party of true men—the same who have just wiped out your entire band—and here I am."

"Now, Jack Hawk, what have you to say? Tell me the truth, or by all the fiends of Hades, I will put you to the torture—I will make you suffer ten thousand deaths in one, and end by roasting you alive! Speak!"

"What do you want me to say?" whined the cowed outlaw.

"Where is my wife and child? Tell me that, first—in one word, are they still living?"

"Yes, they are—or were when I saw them last."

"How long since? Be careful what you say—if you attempt to deceive me now—?"

"Three days ago. I'll tell you the truth. You've got me in a corner, and lying 'll do no good!" suddenly muttered Hawk.

"Go on, then—tell me the whole story, from the first," added Dugrand, calming his agitation by a powerful effort. "How came my wife to leave her home to go with you?"

"She thought she was going to you. I sent her a message, saying that you had been so severely wounded in a duel—that you were not expected to live, and wished to see her before you died—"

"Ha! you dog!" snarled Dugrand, clutching the outlaw by the throat, and shaking him as a cat does a rat.

In rapid succession this performance was imitated, and half an hour later the entire party were at the bottom of the barranca. Only one serious accident occurred. One of the captives, a white man, lost his presence of mind, and lifting his head, sought to guide his animal by the halter. Its balance destroyed, the mustang struck its fore-feet against a point of rock and was hurled forward, heels over head, turning over and over until reaching the rocky bottom, when it fell upon and crushed its unskillful rider to a jelly, breaking its own neck.

Dugrand made no reply in words, but caught up a blazing brand and pressed it against the outlaw's breast, who in vain sought to writh away, yelling and cursing with pain.

"Mercy—for love of God! mercy!" he shrieked, in agony.

"Go on, then. Tell me every thing," sternly ordered Dugrand.

The wretched chief carried Anita down, and perched the feint in safety. But the greatest danger was when the extra animals, terrified by the fire beyond, began the descent, crowding rapidly after each other, alighting in a confused, struggling heap at the foot of the slide,

The wretch, as soon as he could control his voice, obeyed. He knew that the stern avenger would show him no mercy in the end, but, coward-like, he wished to protract the fatal moment as long as possible, and so strung out his confession to a length that would sorely tax the patience of the reader, was it all recorded here. A synopsis must suffice.

Mrs. Dugrand fell into the trap, and with her baby daughter, entered the carriage waiting. They crossed the river, and that night were joined by Jack Hawk, who undeeved his victim. And what could she do? Nothing. He carried her to Texas, abandoning the carriage and riding horseback. At Nacogdoches, knowing that she was entirely at his mercy, and unable to fight his strong passions any longer, she consented to a ceremony that, though of course it was not legal, since her husband was living, in a manner soothed her conscience, and a priest pronounced them man and wife. Hawk left the place suddenly, learning that Dugrand was upon his trail doubled upon his tracks and returned to the States, where he lived for years, making a living by the cards and still more disreputable means. Then, three years ago, he found himself again in Texas; formed a band of outlaws and soon made his name known far and wide.

"Where are they now?" demanded Dugrand, impatiently.

"In the hands of the Cayguas—a tribe of cannibals. They burned my town, but I found the footprints of Chiquita and Carmela among those of the captives. We were on the trail, to rescue them, when you attacked us."

"You mean that this Chiquita, as you call her, and Carmela, are my wife and child?"

"Yes, they are. That is, if they are alive now," and Red Hawk could not entirely hide a look of devilish exultation, for he believed that he would be avenged, even in death.

"Ef you'll trust me, boss," said Dick Croghan, "I'll take you to the hidin'-place o' these cannibals, es you call 'em. I know the trail like a book, 'cause I war."

"Wait—I'll talk with you after a while. Now, Jack Hawk," said Dugrand, turning to the cowed outlaw, "of course you know what to expect. I've sworn to kill you, and I mean to keep my word. I did intend to torture you as horribly as I could, but that would only degrade me to your own level. I will kill you easily. You have just ten minutes more of life. Make the most of it. Pray, if you can, for mercy hereafter."

The craven wretch begged and pleaded for mercy—that he was not fit to die. Dugrand crouched before him, watch in hand, counting off the seconds, while he held a revolver muzzle against the outlaw's temple. The firelight flickered fretfully, casting weird, fantastic shadows around. The Man-hunters stood in a circle, watching for the end with bated breath. Dugrand closed his watch.

"Mercy—spare me, for the love of—" The revolver exploded—Red Hawk fell forward upon his face, dead.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE SLAUGHTER-PEN.

SHKOTE-NAH, the giant chief of the Cayguas, discovered that the prairie was on fire long before Old Bull's-Eye and Carmela, as their pursuers suspected the cause of the peculiar density of the atmosphere. He called a halt and a hurried consultation with several of his oldest braves, the result of which was an abrupt change in their course. Veering to the left, they rode on at a gallop, the captives placed in the center and forced forward with the rest. The Cayguas were sternly silent. A vague dread possessed the captives. They knew that some danger was threatening, but could only surmise its nature, or, if any one was wiser, he could not make known the truth, for the rapid trampling of near a thousand hoofs upon the hard, dry prairie would have drowned ed his voices most effectively.

On, on! The air grew denser, more heavily laden with pungent, acrid smoke and feathered black cinders. And far away toward the setting sun, a dull reddish glow began to grow and spread, marking the swift progress of the prairie scourge.

Then came a long, shrill yell from one of the leading braves, and the anxious expression that had previously deepened upon the faces of the Cayguas, gave place to one of great satisfaction. Let the fire-fiend do its worst, now, it could not injure them. The object of their mad race almost directly toward the fire, was now made apparent. Before them yawned a wide, deep barranca. For this the Cayguas had headed, crossing near twenty miles of trackless waste, yet not deviating one hundred yards from a direct line.

This barranca—which might almost be called a crevasse—was a peculiar one, since, unlike the majority, it could not have been formed by the action of water. Its extreme length was less than one mile. Its width was nearly one hundred yards. Its depth, full forty yards. These dimensions would answer pretty nearly for any portion of the barranca.

The sides sloped abruptly down to the bottom, which was some twenty yards wide, level and smooth, formed of bed of rock. In rainy weather this huge trough was partially filled with water, but now the rocky sides and bottom were dry as chalk.

This was the refuge so eagerly sought by the Cayguas, the only spot within half a day's ride where they could bid defiance to the prairie fire. And yet a descent into the barranca appeared impractical without abandoning the horses to their fate. Many a steady-nerved man would have thought twice before attempting the descent on foot.

"At a motion from Shkote-nah, a Cayuga urged his mustang to the escarpment; but the pony balked, snorting suspiciously. A brave thrust his lance-point into his hips, and with a sharp whistle the brute plunged forward. Squatting flat upon his haunches, with fore-feet extended, the pony slid rapidly down the winding trail, turning the sharp corners as by instinct, the Cayuga lying flat along its hips, untouched by the bridle, or rather halter. The feat was accomplished without other injury than a few patches of skin from off the mustang's hindquarters.

In rapid succession this performance was imitated, those who had scrambled highest up the rocks in order to escape the falling animals, now endeavored to seek lower covers, but more than one succumbed to the frightful heat, and fainting, only awake in another world.

Nearer, still nearer, until the fiery tongues started out over the quivering mass of dead and dying, darting here and there, licking around the blood-stained rocks, spending their force against the living bodies, filling the ravine with a sickening smell of wasting flesh and burnt hair, and then the monster wall of fire leaps and plays upon its tongues, in the vain endeavor to leap across the wide barrier, and clutch in its writhing embrace the quivering weeds and grass beyond, and then, for want of fresh fuel, the wave subsided, but not until the grass upon the opposite side had ignited from the blazing stalks carried across by the wind.

It was fully an hour before any human being stirred, in that vast slaughter-pen, so overcome were even the strongest by the baptism of fire. The air was even yet like an oven. The rocks were still scorching hot. But then, one by one the surviving Cayguas ventured out of their holes, each one believing himself to be the sole survivor, until he heard his feeble call answered. They gathered together—a woeful remnant of the proud, powerful band that had attacked the Hawks'

Nest. Less than a score in all, weak and trembling; Shkote-nah turned aside his head, and quivered like a leaf as he saw this.

But then his wonted stoicism returned. He bade his braves go search every nook and cranny among the rocks, setting the example himself. Several braves were found still living, but too weak to answer the signals. The chief uttered a little cry of delight as he caught a glimpse of a white face through a crevice, and tore aside the rocks that had rolled down and blocked the entrance; but his look of eager anticipation changed as he noted the long gray hair. It was Chiquita, not Anita, the golden-haired.

Pain and breathless from his exertions, he sunk back, the dry, cracked tongue lolling from his mouth. Even his iron frame could endure no more. Without water, they must die!

The air was growing more and more offensive, even at the bottom of the barranca. The red light above increased, and cinders fell in soft, feathered clouds. But it was not this that caused the uneasy looks of the Cayguas.

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TWO "STAR" AUTHORS!

We have on the schedule, for early use, OLL COOMES' Stirring Romance,

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The Arm-Chair.

"But what has become of our Camp-Fire Yarns?" demands a correspondent. "Has the Fire burnt down with the death of our beloved Ralph Ringwood? Is there no one to replenish it? Where are all our Hunter-Authors? Are they all asleep?"

We answer—by no means "asleep." What with serials whose action covers the field of Camp-Fire, Trail and Wilderness adventure, the SATURDAY JOURNAL has kept its readers alive to the interest excited by Ringwood, Badger, Oll Coomes, Capt. Howard, Albert W. Aiken, etc., etc., all have won laurels as delineators of Wild Western Life which any narrator might well envy.

We may add that we yet have on hand a considerable number of Ringwood's manuscripts—real Camp-Fire Yarns—which will be given from time to time. They are, indeed, some of his best work. We also have in our manuscript safes stories of adventure and personal experience in the Wild West which it will afford lovers of the literature of adventure great delight to read. No paper ever published can vie with the SATURDAY JOURNAL in this field. The fact that our columns are more quoted from than the other weeklies tells our own story.

We may well say the "chromo premium" business has *played out* when we see pictures "richly worth three dollars" sold for ten cents each by street vendors.

These pictures, about the size of the average premium chromo offered by the religious and secular press, are mounted on heavy binder's board so as to be ready for immediate hanging, without frame, and are sold to the vendors, by the importers, for one dollar per dozen.

Many of them really are admirable examples of color painting. Landscape, fruit and flower pieces, game, animal, human figures and domestic scenes are included in the street displays, so that all tastes are gratified.

It is a good thing for the people when such pictures are offered at rates so reasonable that even the humblest home may ornament its walls; and though the chromo "premium" business may suffer, the public are large gainers when a choice work of art "richly worth three dollars," is to be had, ready mounted, for the modest sum of ten cents.

As bearing somewhat on the above, we have this, from a gentleman who has acted as agent for numerous papers and magazines:

"I get letters and papers almost weekly, proposing to give a chromo daub, or a brass watch, or a toothpick for premium or extra-inducement. These agents want a publisher to accept their offers for my services, for brass watches and powder plates don't pay board or make a respectable man think more of himself for disseminating them."

This is the value which both agents and readers attach to the "inducements" held out by many of our weekly papers and monthly magazines. The SATURDAY JOURNAL never has participated in these offers, and only requires in cash those agents and friends who assist in widening its circulation.

Sunshine Papers.

Delayed by the Ice.

It is an amusement exclusively confined to residents of neighboring cities that glance superciliously at each other across a division line of water, commonly defined in geographical lingo as river. We, the favored residents of cities answering the above description, beg leave to state that we do not consider ourselves a selfish class of mortals. If we appear so, because of our monopoly of this peculiar amusement, we beg all friends and neighbors, bartered from the like pleasure, not to score against us an unpardonable sin, but believe that we are really, and quite without consultation regarding our wishes, the victims of circumstances. Indeed, all of us, when endeavor to follow the precepts inculcated by the golden rule—would willingly love our neighbors as ourselves to the degree of allowing them a bountiful share in this fascinating amusement. But does not even the good St. Paul inform us that "the good that I would I do not"? And are not we even more excusable than he? Since such blessings are showered upon us, can we do ought but bear them with fitting humility, and exhort you to whom they are denied to accept the deprivation with patience?

However, there is no reason why we should monopolize the amusement, and, also, our blissful experiences. Who knows but the relation of them might cheer some weary hour?

Every one knows that amusements, so classified, are more or less truly amusing as experienced under certain states of mind, and circumstance. For instance: Mrs. Jones goes to the theater simply to escort country relatives to see a play she has already witnessed four times; she knows that the baby is sick, and that, for failure to pay her last month's gas bill, the meter has been taken away, and kerosene lamps are burning in the house. Again: She goes in a delightful way with Mr. Jones,

when all domestic relations are harmonious; she has on a love of a new bonnet, and the play is a new one she is "actually dying to see." Of course she is much better amused in the latter case than in the former, especially as this is a new lease upon life.

So the quintessence conveyed by "ice in the river" is best appreciated under certain circumstances: to those persons who are upon one side, and have urgent reasons for desiring to cross instantaneously, "ice in the river" is thoroughly amusing!

What recreation half so enjoyable as getting up in the dusk of a winter's morn, riding in a cold, crowded car, and reaching the river-side, to witness the grand panorama of lazily-floating ice-fields? How delightful to be able to see the whole picture free, instead of paying to see a painted bit of it hung in an art gallery. How healthy and bracing the air that keeps the thermometer below zero! How one envies the Esquimaux their privilege of living in such a year round! How one shudders at the remembrance of last summer's horrible "heated term!" How one's fellow-voyagers, in their neighborliness, kindness and jubilation, crowd one and step upon one's toes, and what a delicious sensation of numbness those aforesaid toes possess; and how slowly and gracefully the ice moves; and how laughable to think that a lucrative situation depends upon one's being across the river within an hour, when one can not reach there within double that time! And, when on the boat, what a charming, spicy (frosty) might have answered as descriptive (frosty) hazards little adventure it is to stand outside the chain and ruminant upon what one's end would be if one should happen to slide, or be pushed, across the six inches of deck that intervene between one and the delightful bath-in-place below.

The situation was lost; and was it not all charming?

The amusement of being "delayed" by ice is intensified, if failure to keep an appointment on the other side of the river involves the loss of twenty or thirty thousand dollars; or causes a lawyer to be missing one whole day from his place at a great American law-suit. (For life is uncertain, and even such disinterested men as lawyers cannot feel positive theirs will be spared until 1900, and wish to win fame while they may.)

The prominent points connected with this amusement are, to reach the ferry early, wait a couple of hours, and decide to return home: to make the attempt, and make it in vain; to find yourself in so great a crowd that it is impossible to move any of the muscles of your body, except those connected with your eyelids and feet; the aforesaid feet making two of the keys that are playing a tattoo, that volume of sound and number of performers outrivalling the anvil chorus of the great Boston Jubilee.

People to right of you,
People to left of you,
People behind you,
More than six hundred!

You can only see those in front of you. One woman has an injured-looking expression, as of no one in the congregation being cold here. Next to her stands a man who has every appearance of having been to his own funeral and not being at all satisfied that circumstances did not allow him to stay there. There is another who has, probably, heard his grandfather's will read and did not receive any of the money. Near them towers a six-foot, broad-shouldered, yellow-whiskered, cheerful-faced masculine, who looks the happiest man in the crowd. We stand—as is the fashion at these faires—like sheep in the shambles. After we have watched a ferry-boat waiting around the end of the pier for an hour and a half, she suddenly grows tired, drops quietly into her place, and our keeper throws open our pen, and we board that boat. I cannot say we act strictly decorous, but when one is having a lot of fun" one is apt to forget some of the dignities and proprieties of life.

We do not look to see where we are going: we shut our eyes and are carried along—in less we open them to see whether the whole of one is drifting to the same place. After we are all on board, as thick as black ants at a battle, the boat considerably slides far enough out of the pier to prevent our leaving her until she and the ice allow. And then what fun we have! We shout, we stamp, we sing, we cry for more air, we howl for more heat, we push, we crowd, we grow famished, and look with a basketistic eyes upon every woman with a basket, or young children, and think everyone is behaving barbarously but ourselves. People will say and do so many things with a crowd that they would not disgrace themselves by doing in an individual capacity.

And when at night we reach the shore, and think of all the fun we had, had, you may be sure we wish, very expressively, that every one could have the experience of "ice in the river."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"It is no use crying for spilled milk," for there are plenty more cows in the world, and all your fretting, fuming and fussing will not bring it back to you. Bear your troubles as though they were expected; show to the world if some friends prove false that there are others who will prove true. Let the world see that, if you are under a cloud to-day, you believe that-morrow will find you in the sunshine. If you have lost money in any enterprise don't let that discourage you from trying to make up for your losses. It does not pay to give up and think you will never prosper, or that fate is against you or any such like foolish talk. If general losses one battle he doesn't whimper over it. It spurs him bravely on to win the next.

Nights are dark but mornings must come. Clouds cover the skies but the sun wins the victory in the end, let us worry and complain ever so much. We must be strong-hearted and brave-hearted, not letting failures and disappointments discourage us. If we stub our toe what's the use of howling as though a murder had been attempted? We have nine more toes left and the tenth will soon get well again. There are more weighty matters to be considered than sore toes. Men who have lost their left hands in battle have thanked God that the right one has been spared to them; and those who have been bereft of their right one go to work and earn a living with the left. They don't cry for "spilled milk."

"As we journey through life let us live by the way." If we cannot be masters, we must be content to be servants. If we cannot gain situations, whereby the work will be of a nature that won't soil our hands, we must put up with another kind. I wouldn't think any man less a gentleman because he saved a cord of wood or put in a load of coal. I would admire his "pluck," and think he showed a great deal of manliness in the bargain. He has to live and he cannot live without work, so who can question him if he does the best he can? You may say you "would sooner starve to death than descend to such work." My dear friend, did you ever come near starving? Do

you know its horrors and pains? Did you not know it has driven men mad, and turned them into cannibals? You should not talk about what you know nothing about. We ought to respect those who are willing to do anything that is honest to gain a living; it shows the true spirit of uprightness, and they are just the sort of persons to make their way through the world. If they cannot get the pound cake they are content to put up with the bread and cheese. "As they journey through life, they will live by the way."

"Live and let live." There's a great deal of economy in that short sentence, and you ought to consider its meaning. Help yourself to witness the grand panorama of lazily-floating ice-fields? How delightful to be able to see the whole picture free, instead of paying to see a painted bit of it hung in an art gallery. How healthy and bracing the air that keeps the thermometer below zero! How one envies the Esquimaux their privilege of living in such a year round! How one shudders at the remembrance of last summer's horrible "heated term!" How one's fellow-voyagers, in their neighborliness, kindness and jubilation, crowd one and step upon one's toes, and what a delicious sensation of numbness those aforesaid toes possess; and how slowly and gracefully the ice moves; and how laughable to think that a lucrative situation depends upon one's being across the river within an hour, when one can not reach there within double that time! And, when on the boat, what a charming, spicy (frosty) might have answered as descriptive (frosty) hazards little adventure it is to stand outside the chain and ruminant upon what one's end would be if one should happen to slide, or be pushed, across the six inches of deck that intervene between one and the delightful bath-in-place below.

One must help his neighbor—must give him work to do, and pay him as well for it as he would wish to be paid for it himself.

When an actor dies, the dramatic profession immediately come to the aid of the family, and give it a complimentary benefit. It is a good and noble way of giving relief, and God bless the thoughtful hearts of such people. They don't want to see any one suffer, and they are to be commended for using their talents to aid and assist others, and they are to be commended for using their talents to the profession until their tongues wear out, but they still might take many a lesson in charity from it. Few are there who so nobly act up to the motto of "live and let live," as the dramatist: EVE LAWLESS.

"The writer of this evidently has passed "the oval of the sanctum" and under guise of a grim humor tells a story with a moral which is, only too familiar to us all, that you can sometimes worth saying, and say it in such phrase that the editor will be spared the pain and trouble of revision."

AUTHORSHIP.

It is the business!

It is a paying business. You have to pay a good deal for stationery, and, thanks to our sapeint law-makers, you have to pay letter postage on bulky manuscripts, the short-comings and long-goings of which are a perpetual source of interest to you (that is, they are a long time going, and a remarkably short time coming back); and you have to pay rather high charges on extraordinary small packages to urban express agents, whom you are uncharitable enough to imagine rather profit by the transaction.

You are determined to be a great author.

You have a brilliant idea, and you hie away to your sanctum to catch it before it shall vanish. The full tide of inspiration is upon you; adjectives, prepositions and conjunctions dash through your head like meteors, and glowing sentences drop off your pen like sap from the spike on a warm February day. (Now I look at it, that smile doesn't seem very brilliant, but I guess it will do.) When it is done you read it over with intense satisfaction. Yourself being judge, it is one of your happiest conceptions. So, in the glow of the moment, you do it up, and send it to some periodical in which you would particularly like to see it appear.

It is accepted, and on opening the next number of your paper, you are delighted to find it. But on looking at it, what a change comes over the spirit of your dreams! It is there, to be sure—what there is left of it.

The editorial pencil has pranced along it, with that sublime disregard of author's feelings peculiar to it—a whole paragraph gone here—another there, and the remains of a couple more patched together, in another place, the effect of reading the whole being something similar to riding over a particularly rough causeway. You don't find it at all difficult to fill up the desecrated places with remarks, and you don't favor that editor with any more manuscripts.

Then there is your experience with Jones. A great publisher is Jones—one of the prides of newspaperdom. Therefore you feel a pardonable pride when he accepts one of your best serials and reflect that its publication in the widely circulated *Weekly Screamer* will add considerably to your reputation. When it appears, you find that your name has been carefully removed from the title, and, oh! what an exquisite feeling of gratified ambition (or something else) thrills you at the sight. You meditate taking a journey of a thousand miles, to give yourself the pleasure of punching Jones' head, but are deferred by the reflection that you paid twenty-five cents postage on a manuscript this morning, and, like Byron's Dream, have "no more change."

On, there's lots of nice things about authorship, and chief among them is the search after original ideas. The Indians are being killed off at the rate of half a million or so a year—on paper—but authors have no compunctions of conscience in such matters, and you determine on exterminating three or four tribes with a can or two of nitro-glycerine, in your new Indian story. How you do "sing ink" for the next week or two! and just as you have got things arranged for a grand blow-up, you stop to draw breath, and pick up a late newspaper, and, lo! here is a fellow who has incorporated the nitro-glycerine drug in his story, and got it into print. Your emotion on this discovery is, as sentimental authors say, "too sacred for the common eye." We drop the curtain.

Then what a thrilling experience it is to send your first manuscript to a publisher, and have him return it with a smaller thread of hope than the hair that suspended What's-his-name's sword, while you wait for the verdict! And, oh! what profound emotions agitate the bosom of a young author, as he surmises his rejected manuscript home from the express office! The subject is too affecting—I shall have to leave it!

A. C. I.

WEDLOCK'S COMIC SIDE.

It is not a little remarkable that while every American journalist is certain to give elaborate accounts of the whimsicalities that occur in legal court-rooms, few regard their readers with more than a meager allusion to the proceedings in the courts of Hyman. Law is treated with profound respect; love with carelessness. Justice, with her bandaged eyes, they *kotow* to with all the abject solicitude of Japanese officials; while upon the feminine figure with the marriage torch they simply bestow a familiar nod, and pass on as if they disdained even to inquire about her health, or utter the usual commonplace wisdom about the weather. Our consuls across the Atlantic do not borrow, in this respect, a leaf from our example. They have a register-general in

London whose reports are always dissected with curious interest, and the press often dwells on the singularities those reports present with evidentunction. Thus they tell us that in 1870 no less than eleven gentlemen, each approaching the age of ninety, instead of "getting religion," got wives, to afford them, as it were, advanced glimpses of heaven in dreams," which Moore so beautifully dilated upon.

Only one of these inexperienced youths of ninety, however, had the temerity to woo a lady of comparative juvenility, and she was eighty! The other ten contented themselves with "elderly females" of from thirty to thirty-five summers' ripeness. One fair and innocent creature of sixty-five, descended to take to her blushing arms a husband of thirty; but several widows who had passed the grand climacteric and reveled in all the fascinating charms of three score and ten, doffed their weeds with a courage truly commendable, accepting husbands, however, of a somewhat corresponding age. Only fancy, though a bachelor of seventy-five, after half a century's reflection upon the perils of double harness, wedding an infant of seventy-one, while a widower of the same age, with a greater taste for the immature, carried off the heart and hand of a bride barely twenty! Three hundred and twenty-five girls married at sixteen and under, during that year, while over eight thousand bachelors married widows to console them for conjugal losses. Nearly double that number, though, preferred to wed spinsters who could not, in moments of exaltation, throw up the perfections of some "dear departed," some marvelous "number one."

Foolscap Papers.

Stupendous Robbery.

One of the most stupendous robberies ever perpetrated occurred at my house last night. My wife awakened me by saying she heard some men in the house.

I told her I was very sorry for it, indeed, but thought we had better not disturb them.

She said if I didn't take my head out from under the cover and get up and put them out she'd scream. My wife is one of the most cruel of women.

I told her to keep quiet or they would find out where we were, and told her of the terrible robbery that at might await us if they should come and steal us.

She is never still under the most trying circumstances, so she yelled, and I thought I was gone.

The thieves left, however.

They got in the front door. I think they must have unscrewed the keyhole and taken it off the door, and crawled in through it; at least it was not on the door in the

ADRIFF.

BY MRS. LACY.

You are drifting, drifting out of the light,
Far from the love of God away,
Into the darkness of error's night.
Where never there enters a heavenly ray.

Placid and slowly glides the stream
On whose bosom you float to-day;
It seems perhaps like a happy dream
Compared to the other weary way;

But the ridge where the stars is always slow,
And above the skies are fair and blue;
You take no heed how swift you go,
Or where the waters are whirling you.

The current of error is steady and strong,
And gains in speed as the strength of the tide,
And all on its bosom are borne along
To the ocean of sin so broad and wide.

Here the river is steady, but round you bend
It flows in a rapid, where if you drift,
Twill carry you over a fall, and send
You alone a torrent dark and swift.

And you are drifting toward that fall;
A demon your boat guides on its track;
You heed not the Master's warning call,
Bidding you in His name "Come back!"

Are you deaf to the voices on the shore
Earnestly calling you back to land?
If already they're drowned in the cataract's roar
You can see them beckoning on the strand.

"Sadie," they shout, "come back to land!
Don't drift that dangerous way any more!
We're waiting to give you a helping hand
Ere your boat glides too far from the shore.

"Sadie! Sadie!" again they cry;
"Turn back! The river grows dark and wild;
The sunlight has faded from out the sky,
And great black clouds in the west are piled;

"A storm is rising; soon 'twill sweep
Over the river, and your frail bark
Faster over the waves will be dashed
Into the mazes ahead so dark!

"Sadie!" and "Sadie!" still they shout—
Those anxious friends upon the shore,
But faint and fainter the cry rings out;
Soon 'twill cease forevermore.

braids, girls with nets; and girls with their hair cropped short, otherwise "shingled." You may know the Canadians by their dark skin, their black eyes, and tarry tresses; the English and Americans by their fairer complexions and lighter hair and eyes; but among the tints the "brune" decidedly predominates over the blonde. Some are developing their muscle at the gymnasium; some are swinging; some have skipping ropes; some are playing "Prisoner's Base;" some are dancing; some are singing; some are in groups, talking; all are united in one thing, masking as much noise as they can, and deafening the tympanums of teachers who are overseeing the uproarious mass.

All but one. Apart from all the rest of the tumultuous herd, under the feathered branches of a tall tamarac, a girl is standing alone, leaning against the tree, and watching the sunset with her heart in her eyes. She is not a Canadian, though no Canadienne ever had eyes more gloriously dark and luminous, nor more shining raven ringlets than those falling loose half way to her waist. A beautiful face, so young, so fresh, so blooming, the oval cheeks aglow with health, the pretty mouth of scarlet bloom, the black, arching eyebrows, nearly meeting above the aquiline nose, the broad, thoughtful brow, and the rounded chin, fair and full of character. A beautiful face, proud and spirited—you could see that by the lofty way it was carried; a beautiful form, light, slender, and girlish, as became its owner's sixteen years; tall for that age, too; and the hand playing with the green branches daintily enough to be Hebe's own. She wore the sober uniform of the school, but it became her, as anything must have become such a figure and face. She had a nickname in school, "La Princesse," and she looked a princess to her finger-tips. A portfolio lay at her feet; with pencils and brushes she had been sketching the sunset, but was only thinking now.

"Eve, Eve Hazelwood! I say, Eve, where are you?" a shrill falsetto voice cried, in English.

It aroused the girl from her reverie, and she looked around.

A plump little damsel, with rosy cheeks, bright, brown eyes, like a bird's, and two long braided pigtais streaming down her back, had doubled up a fat little fist like a trumpet, and was shouting through it.

"Me voici!" said the young lady with the black ringlets in a clear, sweet voice. "Here, Hazel; under the tamaracs."

"And what are you doing under the tamaracs? At your everlasting drawing, I suppose?" said the plump young lady, who, though three years the senior of her companion, looked three years the junior, and certainly was that many years her junior in sense.

"No, ma chere; only thinking."

Hazel Wood, no longer a child of three, but a young lady of eighteen, flung herself on the grass, and looked up in her companion's face.

"Thinking's something I despise, and wouldn't be guilty of it at any price. You had better look out, Eve, or all the blood will go to your head, and you'll die of apoplexy, or a rush of ideas to the brain. What were you ruminating on now, pray?—Greek verbs or Hebrew declensions, or to-morrow's proposition in Algebra, or the end of the world, or what we are going to have for supper, or—"

Hazel did the same; but her pencil only drew fox and geese, and her mind was running on a far sweeter subject than dry "Political Economy."

"There's that enough! Nothing of the sort, I was just thinking how swiftly time flies."

"You solemn old ninny! I knew it was something dismal! You and What's-his-name, Diogenes, ought to have hung out in the same stable. Swiftly time flies, indeed! Every day's like a month in this stupid old barrack!"

"Do you know what day this is, Hazel?"

"Let's see! To-morrow's half holiday, and we get clean clothes this morning, so it must be Wednesday."

"I didn't mean that—the day of the month?"

"Oh? then I haven't the first idea. My worst enemy never can accuse me of knowing whether it's the first or the last."

"Shall I tell you? It's the twenty-ninth of June, and the anniversary of our coming here. Just six years to-day since you and I came here first."

"And we are likely to stay here six more, for all I can see to the contrary. I declare, I am growing an old maid in the place, and no prospect of leaving it! That old savage, Doctor Lance, ought to be ashamed of himself, keeping us here just to be out of the way!" A pretty guardian he is! and a pretty relation Mr. Arthur Hazelwood is, rolling in splendor in England, and leaving us here to go melancholy mad if we choose! I tell you what it is, Eve, I'm getting desperate, and shall do something shortly that will shake society to its utmost foundations, if somebody doesn't take me out of this!"

Eve was silent. The luminous dark eyes were gazing at the sunset, misty and dreamy.

"Six years! How short it seems! It is like yesterday, Hazel, since we stood at your mother's dying bed, and I received from her hand that strange packet, left for me by the uncle whom I never saw."

Hazel's rosy, chubby face sobered suddenly. "Oh, poor mamma! How we both cried that day! By the way, Eve," jumping with a jerk to another topic, "I wonder how Una Forest gets on in England? I think it was a very shabby trick in cousin Arthur to send for her when mamma died, and leave us poor Babes in the Wood to the mercy of that cross-grained little monster, Doctor Lance, and that tiresome, snuff-taking old Frenchwoman, Madame Moreau. There!"

"Hazel, hush! We have no reason to complain of Doctor Lance. He is rather crabbed, I allow; but he means well, and is as good to us as it is in his nature to be to any one. No one could be kinder than he during my illness this spring."

"I don't believe you were half so ill as you pretended," said Hazel, testily. "It was all a ruse to get back to New York and enjoy yourself. Dear, delightful New York! I would sham sick myself to get back there; but where's the use? Nobody will believe me while my cheeks keep so horrid red, and my appetite continues so powerful! What blessed times we used to have promenading Broadway every afternoon, and will have again, when vacation comes, please the pigs! Well, Kate Schaffer! What do you want?"

"I know what you want, Miss Hazel Wood," replied Kate Schaffer, a tall, stylish-looking girl, with a dark, Canadian face, though speaking excellent English, "and that is, a little manners!"

"Oh," said Eve, laughing, "manners and cousin Hazel might be married, for they are no relation."

Miss Hazel, no way discomposed by these left-handed compliments, sat lazily up on the grass.

"Is it near tea-time, Kate? I smell hot biscuit awhile ago, when I applied my nose to the kitchen donkey-hole, but, my prophetic soul is inclined to the notion that Madame has company, and they're not for us."

"Your prophetic soul has hit the right nail on the head, then," said Miss Schaffer. "Madame has company, and you are doomed to the stale bread of everyday existence as usual."

Hazel sighed, and gave a dejected roll over on the grass.

"I have just come from the parlor, though," said Kate, looking at her, "and I've got something for you better than hot biscuit."

"I don't believe it! There's nobody to send me plum-cake, and that's the only thing in this world I do like better."

"Except," said Kate, still eying her, "my cousin Paul."

Hazel suddenly sprang up from the grass, as if she had been galvanized. Her eyes dilated; her whole face aglow.

"Oh, Kate! Has Paul come?"

"Ah! I thought that would do it," said Miss Schaffer, coolly. "Paul's better than plum-cake, is he? Oh, yes; he's come, and so has mamma and Monsieur D'Arville; and they're all going to stay and take tea with Madame, and it's for them the hot biscuit are, and you'll never taste them."

"Except," said Kate, still eying her, "my cousin Paul."

Hazel stood with parted lips, her color coming and going, looking at Kate.

And Kate burst into a laugh.

"Do look at her, Eve! and all about that foppish noodle, Paul Schaffer. The gods foretold that I should fall in love, if it is going to make me act like that. I must go."

She drew out of her pocket a little triangular note, threw it to Hazel, and sauntered off.

In a second, Hazel had torn it open and devoured its contents, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling.

As she looked up in a rapture at its conclusion, she found the dark bright eyes of Eve fixed full upon her.

"Oh, Eve! he wants me to—"

"Well," said Eve, gravely, "he wants you to do what?"

Hazel pouted.

"You're nothing but a stiff old prude! I shan't tell you! Oh, there's the bell! Come to supper."

She flew off as she spoke, like a lapwing thrusting the note into Eve's own post-office—her bosom.

Eve Hazelwood followed more slowly, fell into the rank with the rest, and marched into the *salle à manger*, where a long table was laid for the thirty hungry pensionnaires and the six teachers.

After supper, came study; after that, evening reading and prayers; and then the girls went off, to their rooms. Every two shared a chamber, and Eve and Hazel had not been separated from the first. Very plainly the *chambres à couloir* were furnished: a painted floor, two small French beds, with hardly room to turn in—but Madame Moreau was of the same opinion as the Iron Duke, that when one begins to turn in bed, it is time to turn out of it—a washstand, a table, two chairs, and two trunks.

The room the cousins occupied was on the second floor, and overlooked the playground.

Eve set the lamp she carried on the table, and drew forth slate and pencil to write to-morrow's composition, the subject, "Political Economy."

Hazel did the same; but her pencil only drew fox and geese, and her mind was running on a far sweeter subject than dry "Political Economy."

"There's that enough! Nothing of the sort, I was just thinking how swiftly time flies."

"Eve! Eve Hazelwood! I say, Eve, where are you?" a shrill falsetto voice cried, in English.

It aroused the girl from her reverie, and she looked around.

A plump little damsel, with rosy cheeks, bright, brown eyes, like a bird's, and two long braided pigtais streaming down her back, had doubled up a fat little fist like a trumpet, and was shouting through it.

"Me voici!" said the young lady with the black ringlets in a clear, sweet voice. "Here, Hazel; under the tamaracs."

"And what are you doing under the tamaracs? At your everlasting drawing, I suppose?" said the plump young lady, who, though three years the senior of her companion, looked three years the junior, and certainly was that many years her junior in sense.

"No, ma chere; only thinking."

Hazel Wood, no longer a child of three, but a young lady of eighteen, flung herself on the grass, and looked up in her companion's face.

"Thinking's something I despise, and wouldn't be guilty of it at any price. You had better look out, Eve, or all the blood will go to your head, and you'll die of apoplexy, or a rush of ideas to the brain. What were you ruminating on now, pray?—Greek verbs or Hebrew declensions, or to-morrow's proposition in Algebra, or the end of the world, or what we are going to have for supper, or—"

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"Thinking's something I despise, and wouldn't be guilty of it at any price. You had better look out, Eve, or all

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL.

with leave to adore Broadway. There is no place like it under the sun!

"Bravo, Eve! you always were a brick, and ready to fight for the land of Washington! How do you find yourself all these ages?" Pretty jolly, I hope!"

Eve knew that free and easy voice, and was used to it; but with the dark eyes of Professor D'Arville looking on, it discomfited her for the first time. She turned round good-naturedly, though, to return Louis Schaffer's greeting, and gave the tall, boisterous hobbie-dey to understand she was as jolly as could be expected.

"You look like it! not much like a sick case, eh? Where's Hazel? She's the stunnering girl in the pensionnat!"

"There she is with cousin Paul," said Kate; "but don't you go bothering! She don't want you, I can tell you!"

"All right then!" said easy Louis, strutting off. "There's lots more girls, and I'm going in for a good time among them!"

Hazel did not want him. Leaning on the arm of a tall, fashionably-dressed, good-looking young man, she was coming towards them, talking earnestly.

"But she is so pretty, Paul—so very, very pretty, I am afraid you won't care for me after you see Eve."

"My dear little Hazel! I don't care a goose! I have heard so much of this fair cousin of yours, that I feel naturally curious to see her—that is all. I sha'n't like her I know—I never did fancy ice-cream."

"And Eve is a prude—cold, and sensible as a female Solomon! You should have heard her lecture me for meeting you last night?"

"Did she? Give her my compliments the next time she presumes to lecture, and inform her the eleventh commandment is, 'Mind your own business'!"

"Oh, Paul! and you are sure, quite sure, you won't like her better than me? She is so pretty, and you admire beauty so much!"

"Bah! The girl that all are praising is not the girl for me. I have seen the Venus Celestis in marble and oil colors, hundreds of times, and I never fell in love with it yet. I tell you I don't like nonnettes, and iceberg in white muslin. You, my little wild rose, suit me exactly; and we will leave the cold white lily to—Professor D'Arville."

"And there she is talking to Professor D'Arville, now! Oh, I am so glad, Paul, that you will not like her better than you do me! Come along, and you shall have an introduction."

Paul Schaffer had heard enough of Eve Hazelwood to be prepared to see an extremely pretty girl, but hardly the beautiful face that turned to him as Hazel went through the formula of introduction. Hazel's eyes were upon him, so he betrayed neither surprise nor admiration, but both were in his heart. Hazel's more girlish good looks lost lamentably by contrast with the bright blonde beauty of her queenly cousin.

Louis Schaffer came bustling up, noisy and excited, interrupting his cousin Paul's bland compliances.

"I say, Eve! they're getting up the Lanciers; and you're the only girl of the lot that knows how to dance them decently, so you must be my partner. Come along!"

"But, Louis!"

"Come along and don't bother!" was Master Louis's polite rejoinder. "You want to finish your 'two-handed crack,' as the Scotch call it, with Professor D'Arville when the set's over. Come!"

There was no resisting Louis, who was a whirlwind in his way, and pulled Eve's arm through his without ceremony.

Professor D'Arville, who never was guilty of anything so undignified as dancing, lifted his hat in adieu, and turned away.

"Say, Paul!" cried Louis, "we want a vis-a-vis. Can't you and Hazel—how d'y'e do, Hazel?—can't you two come?"

"Delighted on all things! Are you fond of dancing, Miss Hazelwood?"

Eve, by no means pleased by Louis' rude conduct, replied coldly and briefly, and took her place without speaking to her partner.

Very little her silence troubled Master Louis Schaffer, who went through the quadrille as he did everything else, with all the energy of his body and mind.

Paul Schaffer's languid grace of motion was a striking contrast; but she at whom all his poetry of motion was aimed paid very little attention to him or it, and was heartily glad when the set was over and she was rid of Louis.

As she stood leaning against a tree, a few minutes later, listening to the music, Kate Schaffer and Hazel came strutting up, their arms entwined, schoolgirl fashion, round each other's waists.

"Oh, here she is, like Patience on a monument, or anything else that's stupid or dowdyish!" burst forth Hazel; "and Kate and I have been hunting for you all over. Who are you thinking of? Professor D'Arville?"

"Yes," said Eve, composedly; "of him, and of something else."

"How do you like him, Eve?" asked Kate.

"I have had no time to like or dislike him yet."

"But don't you think him splendid?"

"Perfectly mag, and all that sort of thing?" put in Hazel, "mag" being short for magnificent.

"I think him handsome—yes."

"Oh, do you?" sneered Kate. "It's a wonder La Princesse condescends to think even that! You made another acquaintance, didn't you? How do you like Paul?"

"I scarcely saw him. Lou's carried me off like a tornado that he is. But I was just thinking, as you two came up, what I always think when I make a new acquaintance, whether or not they will have any influence over my future life."

"Quién sabe?" laughed Kate. "What an old philosopher it is."

"Perhaps," said Hazel, with a small sneer, "she thinks they will both fall in love with her, or have done so, at first sight!"

"Bah! Can you never talk of anything but falling in love? Come; I have done thinking, and am quite at your service, Mesdemoiselles."

The three went away together; but could they have seen the future, or had Hazel Wood known she had uttered a prophecy, they would hardly have gone with such light hearts to join in the pensionnates' sete.

Be happy to-day, Eve, rejoice while you may; for your happy girlhood is flying from you even at this hour!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

Blind for fun treads on the steps of inconsiderate rashness.—La Fontaine.

Every tear of sorrow sown by the righteous, springs up a pearl.—Matthew Henry.

The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality.—Goethe.

A PLAINT.

BY EBEN E. RExford.

I am weary, my darling;
Tired of din and of strife;
Tired of longing and striving
For something to gladden my life.
All that I ever have toiled for
Failed away and was gone;
Even my poor work was completed—
Vanished when almost won.

I am weary, most weary;
Weary of looking about;
Tired of looking behind me,
For there are the graves of the dead;
Weary of thinking and dreaming;
Dreams are but dreams at the best;
And all the dreams of a lifetime
Never would thrill me with rest.

I am weary, most weary;

Weariness of waiting so long;
For a peace that may never come to me,
For the path of my life runs wrong.
Leads me away in the shadows
Out of the light of the sun,
While I sigh for the sweet, bright sunshine
Of the day when I am won.

Whereupon Chester Starke narrated the particulars of the attack upon Peter Shaw's life, and his desire to destroy the band of False Faces.

"You may be surprised to hear that such a

band could exist here in New York, right under the eye of the police," he added, in conclusion.

"By no means," answered Ray. "I am not

surprised at anything existing in this great

metropolis. Why, one half of the inhabitants

of this city do not know how the other half live.

I have been in London and Paris, and I

can assure you that New York is not far be-

hind those European capitals in opulence,

splendor, squalor, want, rascality and crime.

And so this band, or rather the leader of it,

has formed a set scheme to gain possession of these wells?

"It appears so."

"And it also appears that they do not stop

at murder when it will aid their plans?"

"They are desperate characters, evidently."

"Oh, there's no doubt of that! And the

prize they seek is a rich one. I know some-

thing about these wells; I have been doin' in

that country."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes; didn't I tell you I have been al-

most everywhere? What is the name of the

leader of this gang, did you say?"

"Edgar Skelmersdale."

Ray noted the name down in his book.

"Very good. And this villainous lawyer,

who is aiding and abetting him, what's his

name?"

"Cebra Selkreg."

"What is he like?" asked Ray, making a

note of the name.

Chester gave the description he had received

from Peter Shaw.

Ray noted this down also.

"Very good. And this villainous lawyer,

who is aiding and abetting him, what's his

name?"

"Do you?" asked Chester, somewhat di-

biously, as if this was not so clear to his mind.

"I do, indeed. I also think that Mr. Shaw's change of name was through anxiety

for his children, to save them from some un-

merited disgrace."

"Disgrace?" questioned Chester, surprisedly.

"Yes; that might come to them through

him."

"Oh! that is impossible!" cried Chester, quickly.

"A better man than Peter Shaw never lived!"

"That may be true enough; but innocent

men have been accused of crimes before now,

their good names stained, and their lives em-

bittered, and they helpless to clear themselves

in the eyes of a world whose opinion is, has

been, and always will be, notoriously censor-

ous and unjust. I think Peter Shaw is one

of those innocent victims of another man's

crimes."

These words made a strong impression upon

Chester Starke's mind, and many circum-

stances in the past added to their convincing

weight.

"You are right, sir," he rejoined.

"This is a mystery that makes this matter clearer to my mind. This would account for much of

the strangeness eccentricity we have called

it—that I have noted in Mr. Shaw's words and

manner. But if his name is not Shaw, what

can it be?"

"Ah! that is a riddle that is not easily

guessed," answered Ray, with a smile; "nor is it worth wasting any of our time upon it

present; I think Mr. Shaw will inform us him-

self, after we have freed him from the perse-

cution of this band of villains."

"We ought to be able to accomplish that."

"Oh, we will! Before the end of the week

we will have every member of the band in

custody. One of them will be sure to 'squeal'

—they always do—and his evidence will send

the rest to Sing Sing for a term of twenty

years; that is, if we can get them before Re-

corde Hackett. Ah! he's the judge for these

rascals. Leave me your card, and in two

hours' time I will call on you and report pro-

gress."

Chester gave him the firm card.

"If you look up this lawyer first, and find

that his office is on Center street, as you sup-

pose," he said, "it will not be much out of

your way to call at the office; and I think you

will find Mr. Shaw there, and a consultation

with him would not be amiss."

"By no means. I should like to meet him

of all things. He can give me details which you cannot; but you may rest assured of one

thing, Mr. Starke; I shall enter heart and soul

into this business."

"Your reward will be commensurate with

your success."

"Ah! that don't trouble me. You will ne-

Injun Dick:

THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCKY,
THE SPORT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB,"
"WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE MEETING.

It was too far to the station westward, where she could have taken the train to return to the school in Morrisania. On the other side the traveled highway afforded a better way to the city. She had probably gone there; securing at the village some ten miles distant a carriage or a passage in the stage, to New York. He might find her at the old place by following her speech.

Charlotte was determined on returning to the city; and she, too, inclined to the belief that Alida had taken the least fatiguing route, and would spend the night at the old lodgings. So she made up her quarrel with her father, and both journeyed together the same afternoon.

They reached—street in due time, and learned that nothing had been seen or heard of Miss Barrett. Charlotte wrote a letter to Leon Burke, demanding his presence on the following afternoon, when she would be ready to be married. The summons was couched in parietary terms.

Gideon took supper with her, and then went to the place to which he had given the address to Mr. Stanley Burke. No letter had been sent to him.

He could not understand it. Had the inevitable explanation between the married pair, resulting in the discovery of the lady's frailty, caused a separation? He would know in a day or two. If the wife had succeeded in concealing her past, he was certain to hear from her. He would not give up the game.

Charlotte spent the evening in her last packing. She expected to leave her old home the next day, immediately on her marriage. She borrowed a newspaper of Mrs. Jackson to see what steamships sailed that week, and decided on the French line.

She would share, she thought, in her father's fortune, if he succeeded in entrapping Alida; and that he would eventually succeed she had no doubt. Her own good luck would be exclusively her own. She would not acknowledge her father, unless he became a respectable member of society.

"Leon shall have no reason to be ashamed," she said to herself, "of any relative or associate of mine." "Nor of me!" He will be proud of my talents, and will learn to love me."

She glanced into the looking-glass as this reflection passed through her mind. Her clear, dark cheeks had a crimson stain, that was unusually becoming. The disorder of her jetty curls added to her beauty. Her trim, slender form was graceful, even in deshabille. She looked, and thought how great rich dress would enhance her undeniable charms.

There was a noise of trampling and voices in the street, that came nearer and nearer. The girl started; it was very late; and the tenants of that respectable lodging house were not often out late. Something strange had occurred!

There came a knocking at the door; repeated impatiently when no one answered it. Several voices spoke together, and one called for admittance.

Charlotte went and listened at the landing; some occupant of the ground floor went to open the door.

Three or four men, giving vent to impatient complaints, were carrying something on a plank or door. A cloak was thrown over it. The man who had admitted them pointed upstairs.

"She is there now," he said. "Miss Le Brun."

Terrified, she knew not at what, Charlotte ran down the stairs.

"You'd better stand back, Miss," said one of the men, "and let us get this up to your room. The sooner the better."

Without reply she snatched the covering from the face. It was her father's pale as a corpse, and stained with blood!

"He'll come to, directly," said the man, in answer to her wild questions, "and then he can tell you himself about it. We heard him groan, and picked him up when all was over." He said we might bring him here. Stand out of the way."

They carried the wounded man up to the young lady's room, and laid him on her bed. She quickly assumed the management of affairs.

"Go for a doctor. There's one in the next street, on the corner?" She pressed some money into his hand. The man promised obedience and departed.

In a few minutes the occupants of the house who knew Charlotte were crowded around the bed, pouring forth a torrent of questions, while one or two of the women were trying to restore Gideon and binding up his head.

Gideon opened his eyes. He saw his daughter tender over him.

"It was Jim Kelly," he moaned, faintly. "The bakes were after him. I saw them chasing him after I was down."

"Don't try to speak; please, sir," said one of the women, "till the doctor comes."

"They'll capture Jim," he said again. "He struck me with his club, after he fired."

He pointed to a wound in his shoulder.

There was a bustle below, and some one coming up the stairs.

"It is the doctor!" several cried at once.

The medical man came in, and examined the patient. He bound up his bleeding temples, and then looked at the wounded shoulder.

In reply to eager questions, he said:

"The blow on the head would have been fatal an inch lower. As it is, he can stand that. But the ball is in the shoulder, and I am afraid, it has done mischief. There is internal bleeding."

He attempted to probe the wound, but Gideon shrieked with the agony, and fainted. The doctor shook his head.

"If he could be taken to the hospital—" he began.

The nearest was at a distance, and the hour was too late. After a minute's hesitation, the doctor mixed a composing drink, and enjoined perfect quiet for the night. He would come in early in the morning, and would then have asistance in trying to extract the ball.

As he went out, several of the neighbors offered their aid to set up with the patient.

Charlotte accepted the kindness of two of the men. But she would not leave the room.

She sat by her father, bathing his forehead, holding salts to his nostrils, and coaxing him at intervals to take a spoonful of the mixture. Even to her selfish nature the shock had brought remorse and bitter anguish.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 248.)

1

The cruelty of the effeminate is more dreadful than that of the hardy.—Lavater.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.—Shakespeare first.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you know the hearts there.—Varnhagen von Ense.

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THE BAKING OF THE CAKE.
On Receiving One From a Young Lady.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She knew that gifts of love hold sweet,
That they are cherished hour by hour;
That they unspeak words repeat;
And so she took three cups of flour.

Her heart welled over with its love;
Whose ripple made her sweet lips tuneful;
She sighed, "Whose love can deeper prove?"
And took of lard a tablespoonful.

Her bright cheeks, warm with beauty, youth,
And all that health hath e'er endowed her,
Glowed with the crimson blush of truth
As she put in the baking-powder.

She thought of moments that were past,
Which love and hope had come to sweeten,
And of the vows which held fast;
And then put in the eggs, well beaten.

Her heart beat soft; the angels heard it;
Heavenly voices, "Love is here!"
She uttered the bairn, gently stirred it.

Her hair in sunny ripples fell
Around her neck, so sweet and snowy;
She murmured, "Ah, he loves me well;"
And rubbed her eyes with fingers doughy.

She sat upon her braw serene,
And gladness that no lips could utter;
In all, her tender smile was seen
As she put in a plate of butter.

She thought of when we first had met—
The eye when to the dance I took her;
She sighed, but signed not with regret,
And added raisins and some sugar.

She thought upon that first sweet kiss:
"Presumption, how should he e'er take it?"
Perhaps he'll be too grieved,
She put it in the stove to bake it.

Her lips grew redder at the thought,
(Ah, gently lips, how I admire!)
She softly sighs, "He hadn't ought!"
Love at the cake, and blames the fire.

She regards it with her compliments,
And hopes that all my days 'twill sweeten;
A sweater girl was never born,
A sweater cake was never eaten.

The Snow Hunters:
OR,
WINTER IN THE WOODS.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTER," "IN THE
WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

V.—*The Wapiti and the Wolverine.*
MR. TRACEY told the story of the day's hunt when the pipes were lighted after the evening meal.

"I want Jack to know all that we have done to-day or else he will begin to think that he is getting all the glory. For, if the truth must be told, he is getting the best of us, every time, for no one dreamed when we went away this morning, that he was destined to distinguish himself as he has done."

"Boy heap brave!" said Alf, who was stretched upon a blanket, smoking, apparently oblivious to the fact that he had been at all concerned in the robbery of the morning. "Scare Bill Becker like fun—you bet!"

Alf had picked up some few phrases in use among the whites, and dropped them into his conversation where it seemed good to him. His coolness, considering the circumstances of the case, tickled Jack immensely, and he burst into a roar of laughter.

"You are a cool hand, Alf," he managed to say.

"Alf a good deal cool hand, bet you," was his proud reply. "Look that Wapiti—look that Wolverine. Where you catchum?"

"I am going to tell you," explained Mr. Tracey! "We had determined to make a drive of it, and when we reached a point on the lake, over which Dave expected to make the drive, skated to our several stations, while Dave, taking the dogs with him, threw off his skates and made a circuit in the woods with the intention of starting the deer, if possible, toward the lake. The station was in the edge of a point of land running out into the water where the pine and balsam grew down to the shore. A rare cover, such as a huntsman seldom finds. Danger and Spot were ranging the woods with Dave, and after half an hour I heard them give tongue, Danger's hollow note bursting out like the boom of a fog-bell, while the more musical bay of Spot supplied the tenor. Such sounds as these ringing through the frosty air are heavenly music to the hunter. Then I heard the rattles of hoofs upon the ice, far to the south, and peeping out with my rifle at the 'ready,' I saw such a sight as made my hunter's blood fairly tingle in my veins. A noble stag, with his branching antlers thrown back upon his very shoulders, his delicate muzzle extended, and his broad breast heaving with excitement, came bravely down the ice, with Spot straining every nerve, close upon his haunches, and Danger, staunch old dog, hardly six paces in the rear. It was a glorious sight to see the efforts of the stag, fresh from his morning couch and full of life and vigor. It seemed to me that he grieved in his strength and speed and laughed at the efforts of the hounds.

"Forward, all! Scarce a pace from the flying deer above Spot ran, but not an inch could he gain upon the flying stag. Danger was at his utmost speed, and you know that, untiring as he is, he cannot keep the pace with Spot. Yet he did not flinch, and I watched in breathless anxiety to see how it would end. Would the dogs gain, or would the gallant stag throw them off? It seemed to me that Spot was losing—almost imperceptibly, but still losing. They were now so near that I could mark each movement of the powerful muscles in the haunches and breast of the deer and the noble bounds upon his track.

"On swept the deer; it came up to my cover, and flew by with the swiftness of the wind, showing my his dappled sides as he ran. I turned slowly with my eyes fixed upon the leaping shoulder and—"

"You shot him?" cried Jack, eagerly.

"No."

"Spot pulled him down; I know it was Spot."

"Mistaken again; it was not Spot."

"Danger never ran by my dog," cried Jack.

"I can't believe it."

"No; that does not seem likely either," said Harry, who was not in the secret.

"No," continued Mr. Tracey, "none of these things happened. I turned, as I said, and saw deer and hound sweep by gallantly, and thought what noble animals they were and how evenly matched. And, boys, it was not until that deer was far out of range that I remembered that I had a rifle! I am ashamed to confess it, but so much was I interested in the chase that I did not think I had been stationed there to shoot the game!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Dave. "That's the best thing I ever heard in my life. Oh, square, won't I roast you when we get back to Belleville? What will Quinn say: when I tell him? Won't Tom Martin bust hisself a laughing! To stand there with a rifle that don't

off'n fail, an' see that deer lop by an' never fire! Haw, haw, haw!"

Mr. Tracey and the others all joined in the laugh.

"That's the deer I shot, then. He was leaving Spot behind him when I stopped him—as pretty a shot as I ever made. To think that I should 'wipe father's eye' in that manner," put in Rufe.

"The hunter's phrase, 'wiped his eye,' has meaning in itself unknown to some of my readers it may be. If a hunter fires at any game and his companion, firing after him, brings down the quarry, the phrase may be applied to the unlucky man who missed."

"That is the deer nearest the door," said Mr. Tracey, when the laughter had in a measure subsided. "Not until it was too late did it occur to me that I was foolish to stand there if I did not intend to shoot the game which passed me. But I had lost the last chance of game for that day. Now, Harry, tell your story."

"My station was on the other side of the lake, in the mouth of a little creek shaded with bushes," replied Harry. "I heard the music of the hounds and saw from my cover the death of the deer, and I'll own I felt a little impatient that Rufe alone should have such luck. It seemed as if I was fated to have no chance. After the deer dropped, and while Rufe was loading, I saw Dave come out on a high bluff and heard him whistle for the dogs. Danger heard him first and started across the ice and Spot followed a moment later. Dave had struck a fresh trail somewhere and wanted the dogs."

"I advanced from my station and waved my cap at him, but he shook his coon-skin cap in return and disappeared, followed by the dogs. Ten minutes later I heard Danger give tongue, followed by Spot, and presently an animal, such as I had never seen, bounded from a bluff ten feet high. Alighting on the ice, it headed directly toward my cover. As he neared I saw that it was a Wapiti stag, the American elk; and I called to mind instinctively my Natural History knowledge of the species. I saw an animal perhaps four feet and a half high at the shoulder, of graceful form, one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld. The color was a deep chestnut-red, darker on the under side of the throat and belly. The chin dark, with a patch of light yellow on either side and a broad one of the same color under the head. But the antlers! You know that the deer will not begin to drop their horns for two weeks. There they are—four feet high, cylindrical in form. The beauties! I mean to hang them in my room, as a proof of my prowess, when I go back to college.

"But, what is this? Clinging to the shoulders of the stag is a shapeless mass like a great hairy hump. Before I had time to think much about it the stag was so close that I had to fire, and to my surprise he came at me, against the wind, evidently mad with terror. I could not understand this, for the hounds were not yet in sight, but I leveled and brought the animal down, by a shot fair between the horns.

"As I did so the hairy mass upon its back resolved itself into form, and I saw a powerful-looking animal of the cat kind, which I recognized at once as the wolverine. I don't know why I did it in the face of all which Dave has taught me, but I rushed out and attacked the animal with my rifle-butt. Generally speaking, perhaps, the wolverine may not attack man, but in this case, mad with hunger, it turned upon me with the ferocity of a tiger. Twice I struck it down with the butt of my rifle, and twice it sprang at my throat with a furious snarl. The third time I stumbled and slipped, and, before I could recover, the wolverine was upon me. To get my knife out and strike with all my force at the furious beast, was my first thought, and the next moment I was down on the ice, my left hand wreathed in the thick skin upon the neck of my enemy and my knife busy. How it would have ended I don't know, but, just then, old Danger's furious bay rung in my ears, and the weight was off my breast. Danger soon won, and that is the reason we have that wolverine hide to show?"

"Enough for to-night," said Mr. Tracey. "Let us get to rest."

Redeeming Herself.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

SIDNEY MERRILL was looking very frowningly at the letter in her hands, whose envelope was nearly half covered with foreign postage stamps; whose address was simply, "Dear Sidney," whose subscription was only, "Yours very truly, Laurent."

Sidney pouted a little, and placed the sheet in its envelope again, without vouchsafing a second reading to it; then, with just a little brightening of the color on her cheeks, and a darkening of the blue of her lovely eyes, she took off from her finger a ring—one large diamond, set in a dainty openwork of gold.

It had only been there a half year; and in all that time Laurent had been just as quiet, as undemonstrative as his latest letter.

This morning Sidney felt peculiarly aggrieved at the letter from her betrothed; to be sure, it was delightfully interesting, of acceptable length, and very gracefully and easily written—only, and it was hardly the girl's fault that she could not fathom it, its very quietness was intensity itself; its very undemonstrativeness the sure proof of the depth of the love that had prompted Irving Laurent to bestow it upon Sidney Merrill.

At the time, people said it was just a little strange—Mr. Laurent, so grave, so quiet, and ten years her senior, to fancy little Sid Merrill, the most coquettish, fascinating little witch far or near. But—he had conquered her, or she him, somehow, and they became engaged, with everybody's congratulation; and Sidney was delighted with the novelty of the thing, and hearing people go into raptures about Mr. Laurent's "place" up the river. Then she submitted from her enthusiasm, and by the time Mr. Laurent went on his annual business tour over Europe, had come to consider herself quite settled down.

Every mail brought letters, without fail; every letter so quietly kind, so perfectly trusting, so thoroughly, yet undemonstratively, happy. Sidney used to be a little disappointed sometimes, and wonder, under a mental protest, whether he really loved her; accepting the situation, however, and altogether feeling quite contented—until Albert Howe came.

He dropped into their gay circle at Long Branch, just as hundreds of men do—introduced by some one who had met him somewhere sometime, and who really knew nothing of him, except what every one knew, that he was undeniably handsome, well-dressed always, easy and polished in his manners, posted thoroughly in society etiquette, and with what seemed an unlimited supply of money.

At the Ocean, the young ladies raved about

him, and out of a dozen stylish girls who dressed three or four times a day, eleven might have confessed they hoped to please Mr. Howe's fastidious taste.

He and Sidney were introduced, casually, almost upon his arrival, and, to the girl's surprise, to her distress, she found her admiration early superceded by an interest that grew daily, despite the effort to crush it, regardless of the ring on her finger.

The hunter's phrase, "wiped his eye," has meaning in itself unknown to some of my readers it may be. If a hunter fires at any game and his companion, firing after him, brings down the quarry, the phrase may be applied to the unlucky man who missed."

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It had only been there a half year; and in all that time Laurent had been just as quiet, as undemonstrative as his latest letter.

It was a vigil of pain to her—this girl, only nineteen, so unskilled in the world's wickedness, so unacquainted with even herself. She knew his hand thrilled her to the core when it touched hers; she was aware of a savage sweetness of pain when his eyes met hers, only equalled by the feeling of conscious guilt that she should feel so. She knew she was false in heart to Irving Laurent, and she knew she had tasted a very heaven by Albert Howe's side in those short weeks by the seaside.

But she had done wrong? Was it wrong to—
to—like Mr. Howe so well? Had it not been, was it not still only a romantic friendship that would end with the season?

She was engaged, of course, and Howe knew it, had known it from the first, and knew how she respected and esteemed her betrothed; and so—because of the barrier between them they had let themselves go on and on—until—

Sidney did not shrink from the actual condition of affairs. She was a girl of the purest honor, even when her principles were deepest covered by wayward impulses; even when she said she was very, very near to faithlessness.

It hurt her—it hurt her terribly to make the decision, and she made it just as Howe sprung from the phaeton at the hotel veranda—handsome, graceful, stylish.

She dressed for supper—a light, shimmering silk of steel blue, with a sleeveless guipure lace jacket, and a sash of dark blue with stripes of lace; she arranged her hair and pinned a tiny aigrette among the braids, clasped a heavy chain around her neck, and went down quiet, half heart sick, but determined.

They met, as she expected, and then walked across the way, down the steps, and on to the sands where several couples were slowly promenading.

At the Ocean, the young ladies raved about

moonlight, until—it almost took her breath—he leaned near to her and said it.

"I am going to-morrow, Sidney. This is our happiness is assured. As for me—"

He paused, and looked out on the heaving waves; the girl on his arm trembling, almost fearing her own strength.

"To-morrow!" she said at length.

"Yes—are you sorry?"

He turned his head and looked in her eyes, almost eagerly waiting for an answer.

She stammered her answer.

"Yes, I am sorry."

He stopped where they stood and released her arm.

"Sidney, we will never meet again, in all probability. This has been a month of blissful repose to me, because I know we never can be more to each other than we are. You are engaged, and I—if you were free, Sidney, I am not worthy of your love."

He measured her very thoughts as she listened; her face toward him, her eyes out on the waters; then, when he saw no answering emotion, a hard, tense line gathered plainly on his mouth. Had his power of woman's